Edw. Clifford, repent in bootleſſe penitence.
War. Clifford, deuiſe excuſes for thy fault.
George. Whil'ſt we deuiſe fell tortures for thy fault.
Rich. Thou pittiedſt *Yorke*, and I am ſonne to *Yorke*.
Edw. Thou pittiedſt *Rutland*, and I will pitty thee.
George. Where's captaine *Margaret* to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee *Clifford*, ſweare as thou waſt wont.
Rich. What, not an oath? Nay then I know hee's dead:
Tis hard when Clifford cannot foord his friend an oath.
By this I know hee's dead, and by my ſoule,
Would this right hand buy but an houres life,
(That I in all contempt might raile at him)
Ide cut it off, and with the iſſuing bloud,
Stifle the villaine, whoſe inſtanched thirſt,
Yorke and young *Rutland* could not ſatisfie.
War. I, but he is dead, off with the traitors head,
And reare it in the place your fathers ſtands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned Englands lawfull King.
From thence ſhall *Warwicke* croſſe the ſeas to France,
And aske the Lady *Bona* for thy Queene.
So ſhalt thou ſinew both theſe landes together,
And hauing France thy friend, thou needs not dread
The ſcattered foe that hopes to riſe againe.
And though they cannot greatly ſting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them buſie to offend thine eares.
Firſt, Ile ſee the Coronation done,
And afterward Ile croſſe the ſeas to France,
To effect this marriage, if it pleaſe my Lord.
Edw. Euen as thou wilt good *Warwicke* let it be.
But firſt before we goe, *George* kneele downe,
We here create thee Duke of *Clarence*,
And girt thee with the ſword.
Our younger brother *Richard*, Duke of *Gloſter*.
Warwicke as my ſelfe ſhall do and vndo as himſelfe pleaſeth beſt.
Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*, *George* of *Gloſter*,
For *Gloſters* Dukedome is too ominous.

War.

War. Tuſh, that's a childiſh obſeruation.
Richard, be Duke of *Gloſter*: Now to London,
To ſee theſe honours in poſſeſſion. *Exeunt*

Enter two Keepers with Bow and Arrowes.

Keeper. Come, lets take our ſtands vpon this hill,
And by and by the Deere will come this way.
But ſtay, heere comes a man, lets liſten him a while.

Enter King Henry diſguiſed.

Hen. From Scotland am I ſtolne euen of pure loue,
And thus diſguiſde to greete my natiue Land.
No *Henry*, no, it is no land of thine,
No bending knee will call thee *Cæſar* now,
No humble ſuters ſues to thee for right.
For how canſt thou helpe them, and not thy ſelfe?
Keeper. I marry ſir, heere's a Deere, his skinne is a
Keepers fee. Sirra ſtand cloſe, for as I thinke,
This is the King, King *Edward* hath depoſde.
Hen. My Queene and Sonne, poore ſoules are gone to
And as I heare, the great commanding *Warwicke*,
To intreate a marriage with the Lady *Bona*.
If this be true, poore Queene and Sonne,
Your labour is but ſpent in vaine,
For *Lewis* is a Prince ſoone won with words,
And *Warwicke* is a ſubtle Oratour.
He laughes, and ſaies his *Edward* is inſtalde.
She weepes, and ſaies her *Henry* is depoſde.
He on his right hand asking a wife for *Edward*,
She on his left ſide, crauing aide for *Henry*.
Keeper. What art thou that talkes of Kings and Queen
Hen. More then I ſeeme, for leſſe I ſhould not be.
A man at leaſt, and more I cannot be,
And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?
Keeper. I, but thou talkes, as if thou wert a King thy ſel
Hen. Why ſo I am in minde, though not in ſhew?
Keeper. And if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?